



## 192 Mutated

Eve 1

Hades' body trembled beneath me, his muscles straining, his hands fisting the sheets like a man on the verge of losing control. His head was thrown back, his throat bared—a rare moment of submission from the god who had ravaged and ruled me.

But I wasn't done with him.

Not yet.

I hollowed my cheeks, taking him deeper, dragging my tongue along the thick, pulsing length of him. His entire body jerked, a strangled sound ripping from his throat—a growl, a groan, a plea. His fingers tightened in my hair, not pushing, not guiding, just holding on.

"Red—fuck—" His voice was raw, fractured, barely coherent. His chest heaved, his stomach flexed beneath my hands, the tension in his body turning brutal.

I relished in it, in the way he came undone beneath my touch. I swirled my tongue around his tip, savoring the taste of him, the heat, the



power vibrating through his skin. He was intoxicating, his pleasure like a drug that only made me want to take more, to break him further.

His hips bucked, and I moaned against him, letting the vibrations send another sharp shudder through his frame. The sound that tore from his lips was wrecked, primal—a man being driven to the brink. His control, that ironclad restraint he always held onto so tightly, was shattering piece by piece in my hands.

"Enough," he rasped, his voice hoarse, his grip on my hair turning punishing. "Or I'll spill down that sinful throat of yours before I get the chance to bury myself inside you." 1

A thrill licked down my spine, but I obeyed. Slowly, deliberately, I dragged my mouth off him, pressing one last, teasing kiss to his tip before I pulled back.

His chest rose and fell in erratic waves, his pupils blown wide, his jaw clenched so tightly I thought he might break. He looked at me then, like a man standing at the edge of a precipice, ready to fall, ready to jump—and he reached for me.



I barely had time to gasp before he flipped me onto my back, his weight pressing down on me, his heat branding every inch of my skin. His mouth found mine in a brutal kiss, devouring, consuming, his tongue plunging deep as if he needed to taste himself on my lips.

"You," he growled against my mouth, his hand wrapping around my throat, not squeezing, just holding. "You are my ruin, Red."

I arched beneath him, my nails digging into his back, raking down his skin. He hissed, the sound dark, full of promise, before his mouth descended on my throat, sucking, biting, marking. 1

"Tell me," he demanded, his voice a dangerous rasp, his teeth scraping over my pulse. "Tell me who you belong to."

"You," I gasped, my body bowing as he dragged his tongue down the center of my chest, his mouth closing around my nipple in a scorching pull. "Only you."

A satisfied growl rumbled through him, vibrating against my skin. His lips trailed lower, lower, until his breath was hot against the apex of my thighs, and my legs instinctively parted for him.



"That's right," he murmured darkly, kissing the sensitive skin along my inner thigh, his fingers spreading me open. "Only me."

His mouth descended, and I shattered.

I lost all sense of time, of space, of anything beyond the wicked, unrelenting stroke of his tongue, the way he teased and tormented, coaxing me higher, higher—until I was on the verge of breaking apart.

I clawed at the sheets, at his shoulders, at anything I could reach, but it wasn't enough. I needed more. I needed him.

"Hades," I begged, breathless, desperate. "Please —"

His hands gripped my thighs, spreading me wider, anchoring me in place as he ravished me with ruthless precision. My body clenched, the pleasure coiling so tightly I thought I might snap apart.

And then, he sucked hard.

I came undone with a sharp cry, my entire body shaking, my vision going white. The pleasure crashed through me in violent waves, stealing my breath, my thoughts—everything.





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Before I could recover, before I could even catch my breath, Hades was over me again, his lips crushing mine, his body aligning with mine, his thick, aching length pressing against my entrance.

I was still trembling, still gasping, but I wrapped my legs around his waist, pulling him closer, needing all of him.

His forehead pressed against mine, his breath ragged, his voice raw. "Are you ready for me, Red?" 1

I didn't hesitate. "Yes."

"Red," he gulped audibly. "I want to take you...in every sense," his stormy eyes were suddenly unsure. "But my wolf..." He swallowed again. "I don't want to scare you..."

His words trailed off, his voice breaking on the last syllable, his body trembling with restraint. His fingers clenched against my hips as though he was holding himself back, fighting a war I couldn't see.

But I could see it in his eyes.

Desperation. Fear. Worship.



He was afraid of breaking me. Afraid of what his wolf—his need—might do.

I silenced him with my lips.

His sharp inhale was swallowed between us, his body going rigid beneath my touch, as if he were standing at the edge of something he feared he wouldn't survive. I kissed him slowly, sweetly, coaxing him to feel me, to trust me. My fingers tangled in his hair, my body arching into his as I whispered against his mouth.

"You won't hurt me."

His jaw clenched, his breath ragged. "Red—"

"You won't hurt me," I repeated, pressing my lips to the corner of his mouth, then lower, to the hinge of his jaw, tracing slow, patient kisses down the column of his throat.

His body shuddered, his hands gripping me tighter, his restraint fraying at the edges.

"You are the only man I have ever wanted."

Another kiss. Another whisper against his skin.

"The only man I will ever give myself to."

A broken sound tore from his throat, his hands fisting the sheets beside my head, his muscles



shaking with the effort it took to hold himself back. 1

"And I am not afraid."

I kissed the scar over his heart, my fingers tracing the hard ridges of his chest. "I want this. I want you."

His head dipped, his lips barely brushing mine as his breath shuddered against my mouth. "I don't deserve you," he rasped. 1

"Then ruin me anyway," I whispered.

A violent shudder wracked through his body. His hands clenched around my waist, his forehead pressing against mine, his lips barely parting as he released a trembling breath.

"Red.."

I cupped his face, forcing him to meet my gaze. His pupils were wide, his irises flickering with gold, the war raging in him bleeding into his expression. Desperation. Love. Hunger.

"Please," I murmured, my voice soft but unwavering.

A sound—half growl, half plea—rumbled in his chest, and I felt him tremble as he crushed his



lips to mine.

It was fire. It was ruin. It was everything.

But still, he held back.

His hands skimmed my body as if memorizing me, reverent and hesitant all at once, his lips moving over mine in a slow, aching worship. His body pressed against mine, thick and heavy, his length hot against my entrance—but he didn't push in, didn't take.

Instead, he waited.

"Tell me when to stop," he murmured against my lips, his fingers tracing slow circles over my hip.

"Tell me, and I swear to every god that ever dared to exist, I will."

My throat tightened.

I wrapped my arms around his neck, pulling him down, pressing my lips to his ear. "I don't want you to stop."

A deep, shuddering groan ripped from his chest.

And then—slowly—he began to sink inside me.

I gasped, my nails digging into his shoulders, my body stretching around him, the sensation sharp and new. My breath hitched, my legs trembling



as he stilled, his jaw locked, his entire body shaking with restraint.

"Red—fuck—" His hands clenched around my hips, his voice wrecked with agony. "You're so tight. I can't—"

He cut himself off with a sharp inhale, his forehead pressing into the pillow beside my head as he fought to stay still, to let me adjust. His muscles trembled, his breath coming in ragged gasps, his self-control hanging by a fraying thread.

"Breathe," he rasped, his lips brushing my temple. "Just breathe, sweetheart. I'll wait. I'll always wait."

A sharp ache flared, but I held onto him, my fingers tracing the tense lines of his back.

"Move," I whispered, my voice barely more than a breath.

He let out a wrecked sound, half-growl, half-moan, as he obeyed.

Slow, careful thrusts. Measured restraint. His fingers digging into the sheets as he fought to hold himself back. His lips pressing against my cheek, my jaw, my throat, murmuring worship,

prayer, devotion.

"You feel like heaven."

"I will never get enough of you."

"I would let you be the death of me."

And I—I broke for him.

My body stretched to fit him, adjusted, the ache fading into something new, something devastating. I gasped as pleasure began to coil, slow and hot, wrapping around my spine like fire.

"That's it," he groaned, his pace still careful, still slow, but his control was fraying. "Gods, Red, you're taking me so perfectly."

I clenched around him, a whimper slipping from my lips, and his body jerked.

"Fuck—Red—"

His control shattered.

His thrusts turned deeper, his hands locking around my wrists, pinning them beside my head as his body moved against mine. The heat coiled tighter, higher, my breath coming in desperate gasps as his name tore from my lips.

"Mine," he growled, his teeth scraping against my throat. "Mine, mine, mine—"

Something flashed behind my eyes, I felt the presence, my skin prickling. Pleasure wreaked havoc within me as the flashes continued, the image of the presence forming in my psyche. 2

The pleasure was too much, too consuming, too big—but it wasn't just that. It was something else.

Something more.

"Mine."

Hades' growl rumbled against my skin, but it wasn't just a sound—it echoed. Vibrated through my bones, my mind, my very soul.

The world flickered.

For a heartbeat, I wasn't beneath him. I wasn't writhing under his touch, coming apart beneath his body.

I was somewhere else.

Darkness stretched around me, vast and endless, cut only by the glow of ember-like eyes burning through the void.

And then—



Another growl.

But it wasn't Hades'.

It was deeper, rawer, a voice that rasped against my mind like the scrape of claws on stone.

I sucked in a sharp breath, my body jerking beneath Hades as a presence flooded my thoughts—not mine, but his.

His wolf.

Looking for something.

Looking for me.

The pleasure and haze of our bodies moving as one was still there, still pulsing through me, but now it was layered—woven—with something else entirely. A connection that burned through my veins, ancient and untamed, snapping into place like a missing piece of my very existence. 1

Hades stiffened above me, his thrusts faltering, his breath ragged against my skin.

"Red—"

The sound of his voice sent a ripple through the space between us, and the presence howled.

A wild, desperate sound, like it had been waiting

forever for this moment. But something about it was wrong.

The howl was... fractured.

Like it didn't fit. Like it was missing something.

My breath hitched, my fingers clenching around Hades' back as my vision blurred, my consciousness stretching between two places—between this moment and something else entirely.

And then—I saw it.

His wolf.

A massive, towering beast of darkness and fury, standing in the vastness of my mind's eye.

But it wasn't just the sheer size of it that made my stomach drop, that made my heart slam against my ribs in a way that had nothing to do with the pleasure wrecking through my body.

It was the way his wolf—his soul—was searching. 1

It wasn't just calling.

It was looking.

For mine.

For my wolf. 1

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And then, through the haze of pleasure, lust, and  
the shadowed corners of my own mind—

I saw it.

And it had not one head.

Not two.

But three.

Hades' wolf had three heads. ●

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